

# The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

THE performances of the Beethoven Quartet Society came to a termination on Wednesday night, with the sixth and last meeting of the series. As we have been unable to follow the concerts in detail, a general review of the present season may not be unacceptable. The first meeting, which was noticed at great length, took place on Wednesday, April 17, when the programme was as follows:—

Quartet, No. 1, F major.  
Quartet, No. 9, C major (*Razoumoffsky*).  
Trio, No. 6, D major.  
Quartet, No. 18, B flat major (*posthumous*).

Executants in the quartets—Ernst, H. C. Cooper, Dando, Rousselot; in the trio—Stephen Heller, Ernst, Rousselot.

It will be remembered that this was the first appearance before a London public of M. Stephen Heller, a pianist and composer of great eminence, who made an impression which at once stamped him in the estimation of his hearers as an executant of the highest refinement and skill.

At the second meeting, on Wednesday, May 1, the following pieces were given:—

Quartet, No. 3, D major.  
Quartet, No. 8, F minor (*Razoumoffsky*).  
Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, G minor.  
Quartet, No. 12, E flat (*posthumous*).

Executants in the quartets—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; in the sonata—Sterndale Bennett and Rousselot.

The third meeting came off on Wednesday, May 15. The programme is subjoined:—

Quartet, No. 5, A major.  
Quartet, No. 10, E flat major.  
Trio, B flat major.  
Quartet, No. 15, C sharp minor (*posthumous*).

Executants in the quartets—Ernst, H. C. Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; in the trio—Stephen Heller, Ernst, Rousselot.

At the fourth meeting, on Wednesday, May 29, the original principles that have always been supposed to govern the society, which had already been partially departed from by the introduction of pianoforte pieces, were completely set aside, as will be seen by the following selection:—

Quartet, No. 79, D major . . . . . Haydn.  
Quartet, No. 4, E minor . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Sonata, pianoforte, C sharp minor . . . . . Beethoven.  
Quartet, No. 7, F major (*posthumous*) . . . . . Beethoven.

Executants in the quartet—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; sonata, Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

According to the rule laid down by the founder of the society, the late Mr. Alsager, the whole of the seventeen quartets should be presented in the course of the first five meetings; and this rule, until the present season, has been strictly enforced by M. Rousselot, his successor. Whether its infringement does not disqualify the society from retaining its exclusive title of *Beethoven Quartet Society*, by depriving it of all essential difference from other societies devoted to the

performance of chamber music, is worth consideration. For our own parts, we are decidedly of that opinion; and we advise M. Rousselot, if he be desirous of maintaining his prerogative, to give the subject his serious attention, before making his arrangements for another season.

At the fifth meeting, on Wednesday, June 12, there was another miscellaneous programme:—

Quartet, No. 6, C major . . . . . Mozart.  
Quartet, No. 16, A minor (*posthumous*) . . . . . Beethoven.  
Sonata, pianoforte, D minor . . . . . Beethoven.  
Quartet, No. 5, E flat . . . . . Mendelssohn.

Executants in the quartet—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; sonata—Mdlle. Eugenie Colon.

The sixth and last meeting, on Wednesday, June 26, introduced the third selection of works by various masters:—

Quartet, No. 78, B flat major . . . . . Haydn.  
Quartet, No. 11, F minor . . . . . Beethoven.  
Sonata, pianoforte, A flat major, Op. 26 . . . . . Beethoven.  
Quartet, No. 3, D major . . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Executants in the quartets—Ernst, Cooper, Hill, Rousselot; sonata—M. Alexander Billeter.

The quartets Nos. 2, 4, 6, 14, 17, have thus been omitted from the series. Now, either M. Rousselot should have given a larger number of meetings, or he should have refrained from introducing the sonatas, trios, and the quartets of other masters. The object of the Beethoven Quartet Society was to make the musical public familiar with all the quartets of Beethoven, not to attract a paying audience by a varied selection; and in assuming the direction of affairs, at the death of Mr. Alsager, M. Rousselot, we are sure, had that object deeply at heart. Whether he has been induced to swerve from it by the secession of amateurs, who, during the life-time of the founder, zealously supported the society, or from want of enthusiasm in the cause, we, of course, cannot take upon us to say; but we may record our firm opinion, that the former is far more likely. M. Rousselot, as every one knows, is himself an admirable musician, and it must not for one instant be presumed that he is not alive to the immense significance of the seventeen quartets, as one great branch in the tree of Beethoven's genius.

With regard to the execution of the quartets that have been introduced, M. Rousselot has entitled himself to unreserved approval. In engaging Ernst to lead, he secured the services of the most intellectual player now living; while the great violinist could hardly have been more powerfully supported than by Cooper as second violin, Hill as tenor, and M. Rousselot, himself, as violoncello.

The last meeting was in all respects a most exciting one. We never heard the F minor—that most Beethovenish of Beethoven's chamber works—more magnificently played. Ernst was inspired, and his associates, *nolens volens*, shared heart and soul in his enthusiasm. The fine quartet of Mendelssohn also went superbly, especially the romance in B

minor; while the *bouquet* from the last century, of Papa Haydn, which still preserves its freshness of odour and hue, was interpreted with a combination of quaint simplicity and vigorous animation that could not have better expressed the full meaning of the work. M. Alexander Billet, who has already been so justly praised for his intimate knowledge of the classical masters, added a new laurel to his brow by the chaste and unaffected manner in which he played the beautiful early sonata in A flat. The performance created the greatest enthusiasm throughout, and the crowded audience left the New Beethoven Rooms with regret that some nine months must pass away before the doors would be again re-opened to the lovers of the music of the immortal *Poet of Sound*.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*The Tempesta* continues to blow rich argosies into the port of Mr. Lumley's theatre. The audiences have scarcely fallen off from the immense crowd at the first performance, and the enthusiasm increases nightly.

There is little doubt but that the indefatigable manager, had he so pleased, could have ran *La Tempesta* to the end of the season, without qualifying the receipts of the treasury; but he values the appetites of his subscribers, who are ever on the look-out for novelty, and, in the teeth of the eminent success of his new opera, has announced Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi* for to-night. Mr. Lumley had, no doubt, an extreme desire to introduce Signor Gardoni to the public this season, and give that admirable and accomplished tenor an opportunity of appealing to their feelings whether or not he should have been discast from the part of Fernando, for which he was at first intended. We entertain a high opinion of Signor Baucarde, but entertaining a higher of Signor Gardoni, we fancy the cast of the *Tempesta* would have been strengthened had he played the hero, or, rather, the lover. But about this it is useless to speculate. Signor Gardoni makes his first appearance, this season, in the part of Tebaldo, in the *Capuletti e Montecchi*. The part, by the way, is so utterly unsuited to his style and powers, that we are at a loss to make out who could have formed the idea of casting him for it, or how he could have been so mad as to have accepted of it. Gardoni, notwithstanding, will be welcomed, independent of the character, and with his beautiful voice and pure style, will be sure to win his way to a thousand hearts.

The charming Parodi plays Romeo, and Madame Frezzolini sustains Giulietta.

On Thursday evening, a loyal demonstration took place for Her Majesty's escape from the ruffianly assault committed upon her. After the second act of *La Tempesta*, the curtain rose, and the whole company came forward and sang "God save the Queen," amid such a perfect hurricane of applause, so uproarious, continuous, and interrupting, that not one word of the anthem was heard. The singing each verse, however, was taken for granted, and at the close, half the house at least joined in the "God save the Queen." The scene was exciting in the extreme.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performances of the three past nights were confined to the *Prophète*, being its second, third, and fourth representations. The theatre was crowded on each occasion with a most brilliant and fashionable assembly. The *Prophète* has certainly turned out the greatest attraction of the season; and from the manner in which it is now given, we are not at all surprised at the

result. The improvement from last year is very great. The singing of the three Anabaptists, upon whom devolves the most difficult music in the entire work, is now extremely satisfactory, instead of being quite the contrary. Signor Maralti's voice is well fitted, in its hardness and ruggedness, to the music of the first Anabaptist: and Formes's tremendous power and glorious organ were never more advantageously exhibited than in the part of Zaccaria. Polonini, also, is well suited in Mathisen.

We have little to add to the remarks we made in our last number. What we have to notice is all favourable to the performance. The chorus now goes smoother, and is more decided, as was abundantly exemplified on Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday, in the chorus, "O libertade, è tua vittoria," and in the coronation scene. The grand trio in the second act, "Di vostre bandiere," for Jonas, Zaccaria, and Oberthal, is infinitely better sung than it was the first night.

The enthusiasm bestowed on Madame Viardot and Mario on Saturday has not abated in the least. Nothing can be finer than the acting and singing of the two great artists throughout the entire opera, and we much doubt if anything ever witnessed on the lyric stage has surpassed the scene of the coronation.

Madame Castellan, who exhibited some slight remains of her recent indisposition on the opening night, has, we are gratified to say, entirely recovered, and is now singing in Bertha with admirable effect, while her acting displays an unusual abundance of energy and feeling.

On Tuesday the Queen and Prince Albert, with a large suite in attendance, honoured the third representation of the *Prophète* with their presence. Her Majesty expressed herself so well pleased with the performance, that she notified her intention of being present again on Thursday. The brutal and unaccountable attack made on the sacred person of her Majesty, which is now deplored by universal England, did not, however, prevent her fulfilling her intention. Not being present on Thursday, we take the liberty of extracting from the *Times* an account of the reception accorded to her Majesty by the visitors of the Royal Italian Opera, a reception, as we are assured, perfectly without a parallel in the history of operatic excitement, and which, in its enthusiasm and continuance, far surpassed the feeling so warmly demonstrated on a former occasion, when, during the performance, it was announced that her Majesty had escaped from the hands of an assassin.

"There was an immense audience last night to the fourth representation of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*. The first act was over, and the skating *divertissement*, which occupies a considerable portion of the second, was proceeding, when the performance was suddenly interrupted by a loud cry from two or three voices in the pit, 'The Queen, the Queen—God save the Queen!' All eyes were instantaneously turned to the Queen's box, at the front of which Her Majesty appeared, alone standing. An impulse that was unanimous seemed at once to influence every person in the theatre. The whole audience, Mr. Costa, and all the members of the band, rose simultaneously, as though in obedience to military rule, and one universal shout demanded the national anthem. The performance of the opera was stopped, and in the space of two or three seconds the entire company of the establishment appeared, as if by magic, on the stage. The band struck up the welcome strain; the first and second verses were sung by Madame Castellan and Madame Viardot (who were both engaged in the opera) with tremendous applause, during which Grisi, who happened to be in the house, made her appearance

just in time to sing the third, amidst reiterated cheering. We have witnessed many exhibitions of loyalty, but never were present at one more spontaneous and genuine than this. At first the great majority of the audience were in the dark about this unexpected and unusual manifestation; but the news flew like lightning about the house, and at the end of the anthem those who had merely joined in the acknowledgment of Her Majesty's sudden appearance out of deference to what appeared an irrepressible feeling on the part of a number of individuals in the pit, entered heart and soul in the demonstration, which lasted until Her Majesty, who had remained all the time standing, must have been fairly tired of saluting the audience. It was, indeed, a sight that must have moved every breast capable of a manly sentiment. A young and defenceless woman, a Royal lady, whose virtues even more than her illustrious rank, entitle her to the love and veneration of every creature in this realm, had been attacked in the streets by a scoundrel or a madman—it matters not which; she had just performed a duty of kindness to a sick relation, and it was while on the point of regaining her carriage that her person was placed in imminent danger. Yet in spite of this, scarcely three hours later, having previously notified her intention of attending the performance of last night, true to her appointment she came, as though nothing had happened, the mark of the ruffian's violence plainly visible on her forehead. Whether Her Majesty's appearance alone—for Prince Albert, the Prince of Prussia, and the ladies in attendance, came forward some minutes later—was accidental or intended, the effect was equally touching and graceful. It spoke a world of confidence; it clearly conveyed that whatever inexplicable madness might exist in the bosom of one unhappy wretch, Her Majesty felt sure of the loyalty and affection of her subjects.

"Her Majesty remained till the end of the third act of the opera, and more than once applauded the performances of Viardot, Castellan, and Mario."

To night the *Huguenots* will be given by special desire of her Majesty. The Royal Italian Opera will have something unusual to boast of, in being honoured with the presence of Majesty three times in one week.

Rossini's *Otello* is in active rehearsal, and takes the place of *Fidelio*, which is laid aside for the present. We are sorry to hear this. *Otello* is one of Rossini's very weakest operas, and *Fidelio* is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The cast, however, in the public estimation, will make some amends for the general deficiency of the music. The names of Viardot, Mario, Tamburlik, Ronconi, and Tamburini in the same bill would attract an audience even to one of Verdi's lyric growls. Besides, it must be allowed, that the *Otello*, despite its lack of grandeur and sustained power, has some delicious music, and that the part of Desdemona is extremely interesting. There is something to be said for and against the *Otello*. Whatever may be the issue, we are sorry the *Fidelio* is withdrawn.

Halévy's *Juive*, it is now decided, will be produced this season.

**LA TEMPESTA.**—It is understood that the director of the Grand Opera has entered into a negotiation with M. Halevy for the copyright in France of the music of this composer's last grand work, now performing with so much *éclat* at Her Majesty's Theatre, at London. It is to be brought out with the greatest splendour, in which all the resources of this great establishment in scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations will be applied. It is likely to be the first grand novelty of the ensuing winter season.—*Paris Paper*.

**RACHEL.**—The "Queen of Tragedy" makes her first appearance this season in Racine's *Phedre*, on Monday.

#### OUR COTEMPORARIES.

##### "LA TEMPESTA."

(Continued.)

THE *Morning Post* begins an article of three columns and a half with some very poetical writing, which we cite without curtailment:

"So much has been already written upon the subject of this production, that we enter upon our critical duties with some degree of anxiety, lest we should unwittingly repeat some other writer's ideas, or that our own should suffer by comparison with theirs. But, as every object may be placed in various lights, may present itself to the eye under as many aspects as there are points of view from which to regard it, and as the prism of fancy may lead a thousand colours to one ray of truth, there may, perhaps, be still some things in the *Tempest* which the mental vision of previous commentators may have overlooked. That with which we have principally in the present instance to deal is its lyrical capability, and this we believe to be untrdden ground, except to our contemporaries. That it is highly suggestive of music there can be no doubt. The idea of the Enchanted Island is alone sufficient to inspire a composer with thousand bright and glowing fantasies—the island, 'full of noises, sounds, and sweet airs,' the music which 'creeps upon the waters.' Let him but imagine the 'sanguine sunrise with his meteor eyes' growing upon this lovely spot until it becomes emblazoned by all the burning splendour of a summer noon! Trees of sight-refreshing green, myriad-tinted flowers of brightest hue, small vermilion lights, golden flames and purple cloudlets, glassed in sea of crystal light; whisperings of amorous winds with the tender branches of young trees, when the universal expression of nature's joy seems to be blended into one wondrous tone which comprehends all music; when the air seems alive with the spirit of love, and all nature gives forth one long sigh of happiness. Let him imagine Miranda, an image of purity and innocence, issuing from her father's magic cell to meet the morning, or laving her glowing limbs in rippling streams, whose course lies over brightest beds of coral flowers. Let him conceive her listening to 'that strange lyre whose strings the genii of the breezes sweep,' happy, but still tormented by the one 'sweet want,' vague and indefinite as it is to her unpractised sense, which now seems to take the colour from the skies, and the perfume from the flowers, and now bids them glow with beauties not their own, for, as Metastasio observes,—

'Seconda in guerra, o in pace,  
Trovano il nostro cor,  
Cambiano di color,  
Tutti gli oggetti.'

"To these elements of beauty, a fine contrast is afforded in the person of Caliban—a conception also highly suggestive to the composer. Such semi-human personages have ever been found highly available for lyrical purposes—witness Handel's monster, Polymenus; Weber's demon-worshipping Caspar; or Meyerbeer's Bertram. The reason is, that music, being essentially vague in its nature, conveys more readily than any of the sister arts, ideas of mysterious terror or indefinite dread. Music is an unearthly language, and therefore better adapted than any other to the expression of unearthly thoughts.

"What a subject for an overture does this work offer! The calm, bright repose of the Enchanted Island, with its talking birds, babbling streams, and heavenly music, interrupted only by the discontented murmurings of Caliban; the subsequent storm, the 'terror of tempest,'

'When the rags of the sail  
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale;  
and

'The surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout  
Of death flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,  
With splendour and terror the black ship environed.'

and then the loves of Miranda and Ferdinand, the wild bacchanalian mirth of the stranded and spell-bound sailors, the savage rejoicing of the brutal Caliban, the 'gentle spiriting' of Ariel, and the final triumph of Prospero—here are truly materials for a descriptive instrumental work of the very highest order. The overture is

Shakspeare's *Tempest* ought to be something marvellously fine, and we have to regret that M. Halévy has given us nothing more than an illustrative introduction."

All this is excellent; but why, good *Post*, do you quote Shelley, the great poet of our time, without acknowledging him? Surely his name is pleasanter to write than that of the Italian poetaster, Metastasio. We agree with all that is here said of what an overture to the *Tempest* might have been, except in the critic's regret that M. Halévy did not compose one. Depend upon it, M. Halévy knew what he was about. Besides, ill-natured critics might have drawn comparisons, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* would have been an awkward customer. But the *Post* has a word to say about Mendelssohn, which may come in *apropos*:

"In contemplating the *Tempest* as an opera, we turn from those it brings to those it cannot bring, and with a sigh for poor Mendelssohn, and a lament that the 'shadow which tracked his flight of fire' should so soon have obscured its glories, we address ourselves at once to the examination of the work before us. Fate having prevented the immortal German from accomplishing the purpose to which Mr. Lumley had directed his attention, the *libretto* having been written by M. Scribe, and the opera already promised to the British public, the manager, laudably anxious to keep his word, began to look about immediately for some other composer worthy of embodying in his music Shakesperian conceptions. Could such a one be found, success appeared inevitable; for, with a Shakesperian play adapted to lyrical purposes by M. Scribe, the hero of a thousand dramatic triumphs, and wedded to music by a composer of corresponding ability, a result approaching perfection was to be expected."

"Could such a one be found"—could such a one be found indeed! The *Post* appears half inclined to believe so, if we may draw conclusions from the following:

"Amongst the most popular operatic composers of the Continent, a series of brilliant successes and a widely circulated fame had recently shed considerable lustre upon the name of M. Halévy, and circumstances agreeing to assist the choice, the *libretto* was placed in his hands, and the result of his labours now claims our critical attention. We can well imagine the difficulties with which Mr. Lumley has had to contend, and the disadvantage which the previous association of the name of Mendelssohn with this work must bring to M. Halévy. People will be rather inclined to judge his music by the high standard of Mendelssohn's compositions than to compare him with other operatic composers of his own style and school. We shall do neither, but endeavour to judge the composition upon its own merits, and with reference only to the manner in which M. Halévy has handled his subject."

The *Post* is judicious in doing "neither." After an elaborate description of the argument of the prologue, the following just tribute to the manner in which it has been carried out may be divided among M. Scribe, Mr. Marshall, the machinists, and the actors:

"We must here again pay a tribute to the talent of the artist who contrived this scenic effect. The sinking of the vessel is indeed excellently managed; the raging waters rising up through the stage, whilst the ship sinks gradually into it, produce a most admirable illusion. Nor is the grouping of the terror-stricken crew—their confused hurrying to and fro—some throwing overboard bales of goods, &c., whilst others cling frantically to ropes and shattered masts, less worthy of commendation. The whole thing is most graphically represented. Every movement of the performers is instinct with intelligence of purpose. The inventive and constructive genius of M. Scribe will at once be recognised in the arrangement of this scene: nothing could be more poetical or characteristic. It is now time for us to speak of M. Halévy's musical illustration of it."

"It is now time," the writer continues, "to speak of M. Halévy's musical illustration of it"—a declaration which

affords us much pleasure, since we are more anxious to obtain the musical opinion of our cotemporary than anything else. The first sentence, nevertheless, rather staggers us:—"The instrumental prologue, which is in the key of C minor, begins with the tonic note." The perusal of this makes us incontinently jump. "Is our cotemporary going to analyse the opéra, note by note?" A glance down the column convinces us that our fears are illusory. The remarks on the musical part of the prologue are somewhat lengthy, but we quote them entire in deference to the critic, and in justice to M. Halevy, the more especially as we cannot agree with the impression they seem to convey.

"The instrumental prologue, which is in the key of C minor, begins with the tonic note, played by the violoncello and double basses only. The swelling and diminishing of this sustained sound produces a good effect, and was well accomplished by the performers. Then follows a passage for horns and bassoons, ingeniously blended. Subsequently, after a drum passage leading to a pause on the dominant, a charming figure for the violoncello, suggestive of Miranda, and a florid violin passage *con sordini*, occasionally accompanied by short chords on the wind instruments, which seem to foreshadow the approaching storm, are worthy of great praise.

A repetition of the violoncello figure follows, now ingeniously accompanied by wind instruments throughout. Then a descriptive passage in the first violins, which illustrates, now the raging tempest, now the gentle spiriting of Ariel, as she sports upon the bosom of the stream. The violoncello subject is then played by the first violins, accompanied by a succession of clever dominant pedal harmonies and modulations. A blending here of the stormy elements, described in agitato florid passages, with the charming *Mirandese* violoncello subject, whose plaintive tones seem to illustrate the girl's entreaties to her father to allay the storm, produces a very charming and poetical effect. At length the fury of the elements abates, and the raging sea sinks to rest, lulled as it were by the sweet tones of the island maiden, whose voice appears to be as "oil to the water." The calm is expressed by a fragment of the *Mirandese* strain, which is repeated with constantly decreasing power by various instruments."

All this, mind, reader, is for the few bars of instrumental music which preface the rising of the curtain. The visible part of the prologue is then discussed. In both extracts we have purposely italicised the eulogies, which are much more numerous and hearty than those of the critic of the *Daily News*.

"The curtain now rises. The first chorus, 'Al dolce vivido splendor,' and, indeed, the whole of the opening music, is appropriate and replete with interesting vocal and instrumental effects. The most remarkable feature in the prologue, however, is the 'preghiera,' a very admirable piece of vocal music, excellently harmonised and voiced; on the words 'Ai Padri, Alle Madre,' occur some very striking and original modulations. We have but one fault to find with it, which is, that the composer has neglected to work in with it the stormy element. Certainly a comparative lull might be supposed to take place; but making the tempest cease altogether, in order that the singers may have an opportunity of making themselves heard, is to sacrifice too much the nature of the scene. We should have preferred a simple *chorale* for the voices, with an agitato accompaniment in the orchestra, illustrative of the continuation of the elemental strife, and this M. Halévy might have accomplished, for it is the triumph of music to be able to express simultaneously various ideas and feelings. On the whole, the music of this prologue is creditable to M. Halévy's imagination and musicianship."

To all the latter part of his paragraph, which relates to the *melée* of the prayer and the "stormy element," we consent. Still the *Post* will own that the task he has suggested to M. Halévy is by no means easy of accomplishment. We add a few words about the performers, which are nothing more than deserved:—

"The performance of it was in every respect admirable. Signori Lorenzo and F. Lablache executed the little they had to do with artistic feeling and judgment; the chorus sang and *acted* also with great spirit and intelligence; and Carlotta Grisi appeared to be the informing spirit of the whole. Tumultuous was the applause which followed the fall of the curtain, and decided success attended the first division of the new work."

What follows contains the most comprehensive and acutest, we need hardly add the justest, apostrophe we have read in any of the accounts of *La Tempesta* to Carlotta Grisi's exquisite impersonation of Ariel. We recommend it to the attention of our goodnatured and intelligent cotemporary in the *Daily News* :—

"The first act opens with a beautiful scene, representing the grotto of Prospero on the Enchanted Island. Sylphs are discovered reposing in picturesque groups upon flower banks, listening to a chorus of invisible spirits. This chorus, "Noi genii amici," as well as the introductory ballet music, is *extremely light and prettily scored*. The well-known English air, "Where the bee sucks," with *novel and quaint harmonies and instrumentation*, now heralds the approach of Ariel, who presently appears through an opening in the rocks. It would be as difficult to describe the appearance of the divine Carlotta in this part as to convey an adequate idea of her acting. As she moved upon the stage, a thing of light and beauty, we were reminded of the lines of Tasso, whose thoughts will render the surpassing beauty of her appearance more ample justice :—

Fa nuove crespe l'aura al crin discolto,  
Che natura per se rincresca in onde  
•      •      •      •      •  
Dolce color di rose in quel bel volto  
Fra l'avorio si sparge, e si confonde  
Ma nella bocca ond'esc' aura amorosa  
Sola rosseggià e semplice la rosa.

"There was but one thing in Carlotta Grisi's conception of Ariel which did not quite please us. We allude to her somewhat unspiritual familiarity with Prospero. We did not like her taking him by the arm or shaking him by the hand. It was "of the earth earthly," and uncharacteristic of the "airy nothing" to which Shakspere has given a name, and which looks up to and fears Prospero as the being who can dispose of its destiny. With this one exception, we are of opinion that Mdlle. Carlotta, in Ariel, has carried pantomimic art to its highest perfection; and, this admitted, can we say too much in honour of the consummate artist? Is she not a living embodiment of the most exquisite beauties of form which the mind can conceive? Is not hers the spirit which must animate a Pheidias or a Raphael? To their conceptions they can give an enduring form, whilst hers are transient? But is she for this reason to be less prized, or the claims of her art to a high poetical influence to be denied? Observe the wonderful intelligence of her gestures, the purpose and meaning of her every movement, the eloquent limbs, the speaking eye! Her whole body talks to you! She is all truth, all nature; but truth expressed in such exquisite forms as only ideal loveliness could suggest. We have spoken of Pheidias and Raphael, but we doubt that even such artists as those could produce in a whole life as many and as various forms of beauty as the fair Carlotta gives to the world in one hour. After what we have already said, it will be needless to dwell upon the perfect delicacy and womanhood of her performance, even in the wildest moments of her enthusiasm. These qualities will be understood; for the slightest approach to coarseness would break the charm, degrade a great and poetical artist to a mere vulgar jester, and falsify the praise we have bestowed."

The lines we have italicised, following the happy citation from Tasso, we have italicised, because we do not agree with them. We also object to the term "womanhood," below. We have not time to discuss the question now, but whenever the *Post* has an evening, a box of cigars (real Havannahs), and some excellent coffee to offer us, we will undertake to explain to him that Shakspere would not have made the same

objection to Carlotta's conception—or rather to Scribe's, for Carlotta, as we have already hinted to our friend of the *Daily News*, does merely what is set down for her; that she does it in her own enchanting way, we grant; but she has nothing more than the manner of doing to answer for.

(To be continued.)

#### AMERICAN DOUBLE GRAND PIANO.

We are requested to insert the following description of a new Yankee invention. The prefatory remarks are from a Manchester journal :—

"We have had occasion to notice more than once, lately, the progress of pianoforte making in the United States, and we now present our readers with an extract from the *New York Albion*, not only in reference to this subject, but also on account of the encomiums bestowed upon Richard Hoffman, son of Mr. Richard Andrews, professor of music in Manchester. We further learn that Young Andrews has had an offer from Mr. Barnum, of New York, to join the party of Mdlle. Jenny Lind, for the purpose of playing double concertos with Mr. Benedict, and otherwise assisting that gentleman. This talented young professor has also had very advantageous offers from South America. "In the manufacture of this double piano," says the *Albion*, "Mr. Pirsson has been triumphantly successful. Its construction has puzzled many heads during the past few weeks, and but few, if any, of even the experienced makers, guessed the secret correctly. The very simplicity of the plan threw every one off his guard, and a thousand vague conjectures were formed, and extraordinary notions conceived, all of which were speedily settled by a view of the 'real thing,' so simple in the fact, and so comprehensive in the detail. Its name, the Double Grand Pianoforte, expresses exactly what it is—two grand pianos in one. The advantages of this instrument must be self-evident; it is not as large as two grands, but it has all their capacity, and all their power, with an additional volume of tone, afforded by the one enormous sounding-board, which extends all over its vast dimensions. Although it is, of course, very large, its appearance is by no means cumbersome or unwieldy; on the contrary, it is a shapely, well-proportioned, and elegant looking instrument, and would prove a magnificent ornament in the drawing-rooms of any of the large mansions of the upper-ten. The quality of tone is rich, sonorous, clear, and brilliant; the scale is finely graduated, and offers, as far as we could distinguish, no one weak point—the power being justly distributed throughout the extent of the scale. The bass is grand; the tones roll out with a power more resembling the diapason of an organ, than the vibrations of piano strings. Richard Hoffman played his great shew piece, themes from *Lucia de Lammermoor*, by Liszt, with a force and brilliancy that he has never, in our hearing, equalled. We were fully prepared for any improvements in Mr. Hoffman, for he has the divine gift of genius, and there is nothing in his art that he may not attain; but he takes strides in excellence that we find it difficult to follow. The public are familiarised with his name, and have learned to look upon him as a young player; but could he add a few years to his life, remaining stationary in his present extraordinary powers, and come here with sundry well-organised puffs, the press would find him wonder, and the public a prodigy. But praise cannot make him greater than he is, nor add a tittle to his artistic impulses. The exquisite grace of his style, the deep pathos of his expressions, and the wonderful power, rapidity, brilliancy, delicacy, certainty, and force of his execution, drew down a perfect tumult of applause, and the piece was unanimously called for repetition. Mr. Hoffman, in compliance with the demand, performed De Meyer's *Semiramide*, and to describe the performance, would require the same terms of eulogy used above; we shall therefore content ourselves by saying that the applause was as enthusiastic as after the first piece. He brought out the piano in fine style, and convinced every one of its great powers and sterling excellence. The eight-hand piece which followed showed the full capacity of the instrument, and we heard many compare its effects to that of an orchestra. It was in truth grand

in every sense of the word, and completely settled all doubts as to all that was claimed for it by the maker."

The *New York Albion* could say no more of Liszt himself than he has said of young Hoffman, who, though a clever youth, is in imminent danger of being spoiled by the preposterous puffing of our transatlantic friends. As for the "Double Grand Piano," we must confess we would rather not hear it.

#### THE POLKA.

— Nunc pede libero  
Pulsanda tellus. HORACE.

THE prevalent question among the dancing members of the Clubs about six years ago was, "Is the Polka to be laughed down—or learnt?" The former alternative was adopted, by an immense majority, on the first appearance of the dance in the private ball-rooms; and a powerful opposition was forthwith organised. Young England led the attack; confident in its powers of sarcastic predication—fond of running a tilt (for practice) at any wind-mill—and clinging consistently, in this instance, to the choregraphic traditions of the May-pole. All the renowned waltzers, to a man, followed on the same side; feeling it rather hard to be cast down from their high estate, after years of meritorious exertion; unbelted champions, starting fresh, amidst a crowd of nameless rivals, for a new reputation. They represented the "finality" party among dancers; maintaining the *status quo* of the ball-room, as Lord John, after the Reform Bill, did that of the House; and for the same reason. Like him, they were satisfied with the "movement" in which their own laurels were earned; and saw, in a progress which threatened to supersede their sway, a reprehensible spirit of insubordination to the existing order of things. Accordingly, when the first Polka-Ball was given (not a hundred miles from the Grosvenor Gate, Hyde Park), they went about industriously filling parental ears with vague reports as to the freedom and *abandon* of the new dance; and predicting the speedy relaxation of all wholesome discipline, and social *covenance*, unless this "Park-Lane Conspiracy" (as they called it) should be promptly nipped in the bud. Next may be mentioned a numerous clique of aristocratic *blasés* and *fâcheurs*; and especially the drawing-room loungers of the Traveller's and Crockford's, who declared it the correct thing to vote the new dance a "bore." Their indolent example had more influence in the Club world than all Young England's polished shafts, and the prophecies of the peevish, put together.

But none of these drawing-room Sets could compare, for the vigour and pertinacity of their resistance, with the elderly *beaux* down stairs in the dining-rooms. With them it was, so to speak, a question of life or death. They gnashed their mineral teeth, and stirred up their purple-black curls, as they sat over their claret, revolving their approaching discomfiture. Small chance now for their creaky joints against the supple elasticity of twenty-five! No more walking through the diagrams of *l'âlé* and *la poule*, with an easy stiffness, as though they could do steps if they liked—and rather wished it were the fashion. The very girls of eighteen, hitherto their great trust and stay, would now find them out as readily as the women of forty-five—experienced in skin-partings, and pivoted incisors. They damned the thing roundly, as "a clumsy peasant-dance; a senseless, boisterous romp; a vulgar, village trot; which they, for their parts, would never countenance."

A true conclusion, at any rate, unless there be a mesmeric art to infuse life and contractility into cotton gastrocnemii.\*

But besides these, strange to say, there were scores of well-built, active young fellows, whose interest, had they had the *nous* to see it, was to have joyfully seized on the Polka as the ladder of their advancement in the estimation of the fair; but who were, on the contrary, to be heard growling and grumbling at its introduction, with an unaccountable blindness; which Elderly Adolescence wondered at, but cunningly promoted; reflecting, with something between a chuckle and a sigh—" *Si la jeunesse savait! — si la vieillesse pouvait!*" And then, in the distance, the environs of London, with pious Clapham at their head, lifted up their voice, and cried aloud as one man against the licentious innovation; a new infraction of their pet commandment—the gem of the suburban decalogue—the palladium of suburban purity—"Thou shalt not touch thy partner's waist." The which pharisaic clamour, to say truth, was not wholly without an echo in Carlton Gardens and the Squares; where a sort of hybrid sanctity, that goes to Little Bethel and the Opera by turns, is occasionally to be met with; scarcely out-done by the sectarianism of the *banlieue*, in transcendental fine feeling, and vulgar fastidiousness. It is observable, however, with respect to this metropolitan methodism (and herein it differs from the unction of the outskirts), that it seldom springs from a *gratuitous animosity* to fun; but usually has its origin (we do not say its excuse) in some such lame reason as inspired Byron's querulous tirade against waltzing (to which the public common sense has long ago done justice). When, for example, at a Park-Lane Polka-Ball, you see, in some corner, a pair of upturned eyeballs, giving a sort of telegraphic publicity to their owner's horror at the corruption of the Age: then, dear reader, look down at Indignant Virtue's feet—and nine times in ten you shall find them gnarled and knotted with bunions. Now, knowing bunions to be painful, and the sight of unattainable pleasure tantalizing, one can make allowance in such a case for a little virtuous dyspepsia. Whereas one shrinks with unmitigated disgust from a pious Peckhamite—revelling in Cant for its own unctuous sake; and propagating its effete jargon, for the mere pleasure of snuffing through his nose. Happily, the opposition of these fanatics, whether thinly scattered in the west-end districts, or teeming in the region of back-gardens and brickfields, was more feverish than effective. Little Bethel has been losing ground ever since Boz gave Stiggins that ducking under the pump. "Tea-and-Bible" is found out for a dilute sort of religion after all; and keen noses have smelt something very like gin in all that piety-and-water. So much for the Opposition; which, notwithstanding its weak points, comprised some powerful Interests, and presented on the whole a very formidable aspect.

And now for the partisans of the Polka,—who were they? Who took the field against this bristling array? Who ran the gauntlet of Club wit—and bore down the *vis inertiae* of Social indifference—and unhorsed Young England—and swept the fanatics clean out of the field;—and at last, by dint of sheer energy, carried their point, and compelled folks to recognise the Polka as one of the undeniable "Issues of Time"

\* Vulgarly called the *calves*, being (to use the language of an anatomical professor to whom we referred the point) "the great muscular masses which act on the heels, so as to straighten out the feet, and raise the body on the toes, as in dancing." [The professor gives us some curious particulars about these muscles; how they are largely developed in the Parisian ladies, who have to pick their way on tip-toe over the round stone paving of their muddy streets; and how, on the contrary, they are comparatively diminutive in the otherwise strongly formed London drayman, by reason of his habitually walking, flat-footed, in heavy, wooden-soled high-lows; with other entertaining observations, new to us, and for which we wish we had space.]—ED.

—another “Great Fact,” like the League? The glory of this achievement belongs exclusively to THE YOUNG LADIES OF LONDON. Yes, the Polka is a conquest of Feminine Genius; established on British soil, and imposed as a yoke on the recalcitrant London Clubs, by the tact, courage, and perseverance of our high-mettled English girls. And truly it was no light undertaking. Their work was cut out for them, as the saying is. They had a twofold contest to engage. Parental scruples were first to be assuaged; and the Clubs to be reduced to obedience afterwards. The former was a matter of diplomatic negotiation; the latter of pitched battles. Of the negotiations we know nothing but the result. They were carried on by Committees with closed doors, in the boudoirs—now turned into diplomatic *bureaux*. The battles came off, of a night, in the ball-rooms.

The ball-room is a woman’s chosen battle-ground. There she comes forth in her war-paint, fully equipped. Her accustomed foot treads, firmer than Man’s, on the glossy brown-holland. She measures the enemy with wary eye; undazzled by wax-light. Does she appear absorbed in Lanner’s airy music? She is elaborating the theory of her campaign. Seems she lost in the soft flattery of her assiduous partner? She is scheming the details of his defeat. In arts even greater than in arms, she inclines to a Fabian policy; and leisurely matures her plots. She knows when to cool her adversary with ice; when to mix his blood with petulant champagne. Sometimes she tempts him to a summary issue, and a sudden fall. Sometimes she leads him on to tipsy-cake; and conquers—after supper.

The tactics of the Polka struggle were simple but dexterous; insidious manœuvres at first, suddenly exchanged at the right moment for a series of dashing charges.

During the first few days the young ladies were satisfied with luring over a few deserters from the enemy’s camp.

These they made much of—complimented—caressed. They served (unconsciously) as decoys; exciting the jealousy of their companions and rivals, by the unusual favours they enjoyed.

Every night witnessed larger defections from the Opposition; whose losses, thus continued in an accelerating ratio, soon began to tell seriously upon their strength. Their position became alarming.

Suddenly the young ladies closed their ranks and joined battle.

No more coaxing now! They came flashing out with their ready weapons, cut-and-thrust; home questions—subtle taunts—keen sneers—cruel allusions. They had brought the edge of their contempt to a perfect razor, and gave no quarter; but “cut mercy, with a sharp knife, to the bone.”

The Opposition was seized with a panic. Each successive ball told with more signal effect upon their gaping ranks. Their very leaders went privily and learned the dance; to be prepared for all hazards.

Their nimble-witted antagonists, seeing the day to be theirs, adopted a “short and easy method” with the shattered remnant of the foe. They no longer vouchsafed to be sarcastic; but slew with a cool disdain. The contemptuous intonation of their simple “Do you dance the Polka?” cut short all irrelevant discussion. Until you *did*, your conversation was limited to a bare moiety of that frugal allowance—“yea yea, and nay nay.” They had no ears for more. You vainly sought to fortify your negative with some faint witticism. You were beneath a rejoinder; not worth pulverising. You might think yourself lucky to be asked by some scornful beauty, as she turned off on her heel, whether you had “ever

heard of Coulon?” or to have the Polka-column of the *Times*’ advertisements commended “to your private meditations.”

The result of the conflict is now matter of history.

Young England, with a transitional adroitness that might awaken ministerial envy, has slipped in, rudder-like, at the tail of the movement which it lately opposed.

The detected Elders, with characteristic *savoir-vivre*, have quietly retreated to the *rez-de-chaussée* realities of life. Their soul delights no longer in the tumultuous dance. Veiled is the vitreous lustre of their white smiles; they turn their incorrigible incisors on the fowl instead of the fair; and do execution with the edge, instead of the flat, of their weapons.

Indignant Virtue (with the upturned eyeballs) was stricken down in the first battle by a shrewd lunge from Miss B——; who enquired, with curving lip, “Do you think, because you have corns, there shall be no more pipe and tabor?” Poor *Virtus indignans*, touched in so tender a point, limped off to its proper sphere in the back drawing-room: where it finds rest for its sore feet beneath the Card-table; and forgets the naughtiness of Jullien; and takes refuge from vanity—in tricks.

Meanwhile the more fantastic (and less distorted) toes are vigorously beating triple time to the new measure. Intense emulation prevails among the dancers. Fresh chances of distinction incite the hitherto unknown; and the old celebrities of the waltz struggle hard to keep the lead in their new orbit. In the re-distribution of honours the ancient reputations are not all lost; nor every one maintained. Some vicissitudes are inevitable; some falling stars; some crescent satellites. More than one late opponent of the dance has reason to be glad of his defeat; last season a cipher—now, a Name.

And these graceful forms that whirl with them, lightly encircled;—be these the victorious fair, late so merciless in combat? Strange! that those soft-beaming eyes could smite down an enemy with a single taunting flash! that those lips, now rosy-smiling, could curl with such peremptory disdain; and write a sneer, in one stroke, on the very soul! They are all softness now, the little darlings! all considerate generosity to the conquered: and each, as she stops panting for breath, prettily declares herself “vanquished at last!”

This brief account of the Polka Movement may be received with some doubt in the provinces; so signal a victory against such heavy odds will there, perhaps, be thought improbable; but the facts are fresh in all London recollections, west of Regent-street.

If, indeed, the Opposition had had a settled plan; if the Parental authorities had not halted between two opinions, things might have taken a different turn. But, fortunately, they were undecided; and while they wavered, the young ladies acted. Action against hesitation any day; courage against numbers all the world over; and so the Polka became a *fait accompli*.

And now that the movement party is fairly dominant—and the Ball-room Revolution of ‘44, like its political prototypes, consecrated by success; let us estimate the result of the struggle, and see whether the young ladies have brought about a real progress in social enjoyment, or a mere capricious oscillation of fashion.

But is it a question worth discussion? Is the Polka, after all, a matter of any importance?

Certainly, calling to mind the established rule of this “great commercial country,” that the true worth of anything is what it will fetch in the market; considering that the Polka cannot be “bought cheap and sold dear”—like silk, cotton,

and other important commodities; that it cannot be monopolised, nor speculated in, so as to become a source of rapid fortune to some, and sudden bankruptcy to others; that it cannot be adulterated and exported for sale in foreign parts, so as to enrich our beloved country; nor, in a word, promote any of the workings of our beautiful commercial system; considering all these things, we can hardly attribute much importance to the Polka. We see that it has nothing to do with *Business*; that it is beside the main chance; and touches not the significant concerns of life. We feel that a mere dance, serving only to set a few hundred thousand young hearts beating with fun and pleasure, which are notoriously frivolous, must be itself of trivial moment.

And yet, on second thoughts, what were this Important Business but for this Frivolous Pleasure? If the silk, above-mentioned, were not *pleasing* to the eye, and the cotton *pleasant* to the touch; if sarsenet for ornament, and calico for use, were not, each in its way, *pleasurable* to man, what would become of the "important business" transacted in these articles? What is the merchant meditating his ventures, or the dealer retailing his wares, but a servant of Pleasure? What is all this "buying cheap and selling dear" but a subordinate drudgery, ministering, afar off, more or less indirectly, to that very Pleasure which, in its direct manifestations, the drudges condemn as frivolous? Evidently, that which ministers to the frivolous, must be frivolous itself; nor can business have any importance but that which it draws at second-hand from pleasure. Least of all should the care-worn trader despise these bubbles of pleasures, which the very breath of his life is consumed in blowing. He whose joints have stiffened under the irksome desk, and whose hair has grown grey in the narrow counting-house, to furnish the mere accessories of the dance, should least of all men despise dancing, or call our Polka trivial. If the kernel be insignificant—what is the husk? If it be waste to pass an hour in discussing the dish—what is it to spend a lifetime in supplying the garnish? Answer us, ye merchants of silk and cotton, grave vendors of a filament—a gloss: if we who dance the Polka are simpletons, what are you who fetch and carry our trappings?

In good truth, this Polka Movement, so far from being insignificant, is a fact considerably more real and less delusive than several revolutions of greater celebrity and higher historical pretensions. It is considerably less delusive, for example, than the French Revolution.

"Pooh-pooh!" cries a bass voice.

Don't be alarmed, dear young ladies, for the safety of your cause; the assertion is a bold one, but we will make it good, notwithstanding Political Philosophy's "Pooh-pooh!"

Yes; we affirm that this foolish village-dance, which has set hundreds of thousands of young hearts palpitating with novel pleasure, is less unreal and less delusive in its influence on the sum of human happiness than the French Revolution; which has left the starving populace as hungry and destitute as it found them; the oppressors changed, the oppression the same; an aristocracy demolished, a plutocracy dominant; a financial substituted for a hereditary feudalism; barons of the counting-house for barons of the castle; capital gaining what birth has lost; and, coined from broken coronets, the same Gold master still!

Ever, dear young ladies, eschew the glittering surface, and run your needle into the heart of things; so shall you often find one steadfast fact lurking under diversified fluctuations of form, and many a gigantic shadow of historic change shall prove less real than the tiny substance of one added pastime—a newly-measured chime—a rustic dance.

(To be continued.)

#### PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

**THEATRE ROYAL.—ENGLISH OPERA.**—Mr. Knowles has made another unsuccessful experiment with an operatic company, comprising, as principals, Mr. and Mrs. Donald King, Miss Lanza, Mr. Latter, and Mr. Borroni, with the usual Manchester chorus, under the clever drilling (but at too short a notice) of Mr. Chas. F. Anthony; the band, considerably augmented, being led by Mr. Jackson, and conducted by Mr. M. C. A. Seymour. The *Bohemian Girl* was the opera given on the first night (Monday last), when there was, from all accounts, a fair house, and a very fair performance. On Tuesday we were present to hear, for the first time, Balfe's opera of the *Bondman*, when the house was wretchedly thin, and the opera by no means well done—insufficient rehearsals, we should say, were the chief cause. In fact, we think that it reflects no little credit on Mr. Anthony and Mr. Seymour that they were enabled to do what they did with their respective forces in so short a time. Our general impression on a first hearing of the *Bondman*, and an imperfect performance, is, that Mr. Balfe rises in our estimate of him as a composer, in having produced so good and dramatic an opera to such a sorry and indifferent *libretto*. The overture is short and nothing remarkable. Writing overtures is not Mr. Balfe's *forte*. The opening chorus is in a more happy vein, and there are some highly dramatic concerted pieces and *morceaux d'ensemble* all through the opera. There are several beautiful and original melodies too. We may instance—"Child of the Sun," "It is not form," "Love in language," &c., the recitations are quite of the Italian model, yet cleverly written; and the instrumental accompaniments of a high order. Mrs. King, of course, took the character of the Creole widow; her husband being the tawny lover; Borroni, the Marquis; Latter, the Count Floreville; and Miss Lanza had the very insignificant part of the Hostess of the Inn. Mrs. King has but a weak, thin voice, but she sings carefully, and well in tune; her personal appearance is prepossessing too, so that, on the whole, she created a favourable impression, although no *furore*; her "Love in language" was deservedly encored; and the duet, "There is an instinct," was remarkably well sung by her and her husband. Mr. King, indeed, acquitted himself well throughout an arduous and somewhat ungracious part; in the scene where he resents his newly discovered father's unfeeling conduct, he threw great energy both into his acting and singing. We liked him much in the duet already alluded to; also in the song, "Child of the sun." Mr. Borroni was correct and respectable in all he had to do; his voice was a little flat occasionally, and his delivery is something too monotonous and mouthing; his best scene was the one in which he declares to Ardenford his parentage. Mr. Latter was very imperfect and unsteady in his performance, and seemed to have a tenor part to sing with a baritone voice; he did but sing really with effect in one piece, that was the unaccompanied trio or quartet in the last act, "There is a destiny," with Borroni and King (and, if a fourth, some one not seen). There was no recall, and no enthusiasm. Since Tuesday, the *Bohemian Girl* and the *Bondman* have been repeated, and last night the *Sonambula* was given (we fear but to indifferent houses). We understand Mr. Knowles has been in treaty for a portion of the Royal Italian Opera company, Grisi, Mario, Ronconi, &c., for six nights after the season is over at Covent Garden; but the terms demanded were so exorbitant, that, with the recollection of his losses last year by the Sontag-Lablaeche operas, and the succeeding ones with Albion, Corbari, Tagliafico &c., our indefatigable manager did not feel himself warranted in venturing to give them. We are the more sorry as we are not subscribers to the concert hall, and had longed to have an annual treat at the Theatre Royal from one or both the Italian Operas. The only fair plan would be for Mr. Lumley or Mr. Beale to share with Mr. Knowles the expense and receipts.

##### MUSIC AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

A MIXTURE of Italian, French, and English artistes have been giving Italian operas here during the last fortnight. On Monday,

*Lucia di Lammermoor* was presented to the Plymouth public, but in so tattered and unfinished a state, that Donizetti would have had some difficulty in recognising his own composition. An English lady, called in the bills Signora Normani, was the Lucia. She has a pleasing countenance, not without expression, but, alas, her voice is of not sufficient tone or strength to enter with dramatic force into the difficult character of Lucia. With intense study and application Signora Normani may yet arrive at being a useful *seconda donna*; but I doubt much if she will ever, even in the provinces, get beyond that. The Edgardo of Signor Onorato Leonardi was a sad failure. This gentleman, if I mistake not, was equally unsuccessful in Dublin last year, when singing under the name of Paglieri. The disagreeable part of my criticism being over, I must now make favourable mention of Signor Montelli, who was a star indeed amongst the others I have named. The impression he left last year, when singing in the *troupe* of Madame Montenegro, and Signor Santiago, was very favourable; but from coming into contact with others of such considerable talent, his good qualities as a singer were not so remarkable; at present he was the only one who could be justly entitled to the name of artisto, and the good taste and qualities of his voice were duly acknowledged by frequent plaudits. The *secondo basso*, Signor Ballini, sung with care and precision, but altogether the opera was given in a most mutilated form, and from the beginning to the end went very flatly. On Friday evening *Lucrezia Borgia* was presented, Signora Normani filling the part of the heroine. This perhaps is one of the most difficult, if not quite so, of any character in the repertoire of grand lyric opera, and not only requires a singer but a tragic actress of the first order. Neither of these applying to Signora Normani, it was anything but a satisfactory performance to those who had only eight months since seen in the same theatre Madame Montenegro. If Signora Normani would content herself with singing in such operas as the *Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, &c., &c., she might become a very useful member of the musical profession; but the lack of quality and uncertainty in her intonation will be an insuperable barrier to her becoming a *prima donna*. I smiled when they told me Madlle. Lebrun de Montreal had a voice like Albion's, and listened attentively to find that out, but, as you may readily imagine, it was in vain. This lady's style of singing is of the French school. She will, I dare say, be very useful as a concert singer, but is totally unfit for the stage. There is a harshness in her voice, without any warmth, which is at times very grating to the ear. I must pass Signor Leonardi's Gennaro in silence. Montelli, as the Duke, both sung and acted well, and, as usual, was magnificently dressed. This *troupe* labours under peculiar disadvantages at Plymouth, from the circumstance of the public having been last year familiarised with a *prima donna* of undoubted talent, assisted by a *contralto*, tenor, and barytone of great merit; the latter alone remaining leaves a miserable deficiency indeed. I fear our excellent and liberal manager, Mr. Newcombe, who has been at great expense in getting a chorus from London, and considerably augmenting his orchestra, will be a great loser by having unwittingly engaged a *troupe* of such doubtful merit.

CHARLES DE M.—

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From a Correspondent.)

**BERLIN.**—Robert Schumann has accepted the situation of chapelmaster in Dusseldorf, and he will shortly remove thither from Leipzig.—The popular polka and galop composer, Anton Wallerstein, from Hanover, has obtained great success, on introducing some of his works to the musical public in Hamburg, particularly "La Coquette," "Le Congé," "Un dernier amour," &c.—The Tenor, Herr Ander, from Vienna, is giving concerts in Dresden. The *Signals* says, "We found in him a perfect *rara avis*, viz., a well educated German Singer of the first class.—Madame Pleyel intends visiting Germany, in particular Leipzig, Berlin, and Vienna.—The new Frederick Wilhelm's Theatre was opened on the 8th of May. The building is commodiously and elegantly constructed, and has

two tiers of boxes, besides the gallery. For the opening, M. Lortzing has composed an overture.—Madlle. Holossi, "the Hungarian Nightingale," intends to give a series of performances in the Theatre "Kartnerthor," in Vienna.—Emilie Mayer, a pupil of Chapelmaster Charles Loewe, in Stettin, gave a *Matinée* in Berlin, and invited her friends and the public to a performance of her own compositions. A symphony of the fair composer is highly spoken of.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ASPULL V. FLOWERS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR.—Be wondrous wary of your first comports. Get a good name, and be very tender of it afterwards; for 'tis like a Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it may be. To this purpose, take along with you this fable. It happened that Fire, Water, and Fame went to travel together, as you are going now. They consulted that, if they lost each other, how they might be retrieved, and meet again. Fire said, "Wherever you see smoke, there shall you find me." Water said, "Where you see marsh and moorish low ground, there you shall find me." But Fame said, "Take heed how you lose me; for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet again: there's no retrieving of me."

Thus wrote Howell, who, in his "Familiar Letters," published in 1634, sent this and many more important truths to that busy and all-stirring period. There is a class of people, who—with a depravity of appetite not excelled by that of the celebrated Anna Maria Schuman, who rejoiced in eating spiders—thirst after fame. There is not one among all who have appeared in the pages of the *Musical World* to whom this, as well as the quaint and expressive words of old Howell, so appositely, nay, so forcibly applies, as to Mr. French Flowers. I have entreated, warned, admonished, and denounced, with all the tenderness of a loving parent, the *fraternity* of an affectionate brother, and with the *friendship* of a Damon, that would peril his very life—nay, set it at nought, so that it would serve that Pythias who should serve it. 'Tis in vain, yet will I again essay, and

"Waste my sweetness on the desert air!"

Is it quite impossible for us to have from thy pen—O French Flowers!—that in which thy great contrapuntal-self does not overwhelm the subject thou writest on? Do try. There will be novelty, a curiosity in it, far more curious than ever was philosopher's stone to alchemist (*i. e.*, if he had found it). How kind—how interesting—we readers of the *Musical World* to be told that Bach preceded Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; and that their best specimens of art-contrapuntal sprung from the immortal Bach. Surely, we needed no ghost to tell us this. Alas! poor ghost, but French Flowers will tell us of this important fact; may more, he threatens the unlucky wight who should dare to merely differ from him with the infliction of his value—a value not more worthy than "that of an old woman's"—be he who he may! This is indeed awful; and yet why should it not be so, when we—poor slaves and eaters of dirt as we are!—reflect that he comes with a Bach-an-alien force utterly irresistible? To back this, has he not written a fugue so like the great Bach's, that (to use his own words) the late Attwood, the pupil of the great Mozart, the very Raffaelle of music, absolutely believed it to be the composition of the great, the glorious, the immortal Bach?

"Oh! ye gods and little fishes!"

A very minnow thou, French Flowers, to that Leviathan, that monster of the deep!

And yet, "my" Flowers, hast thou been feted, concertised, and chronicled in the archives of the Cecilian Verein at Frankfort for all ages to come; nay, the director Scheble gave thee a farewell Bach-an-alien concert, having seen one of thy (365) fugues, "which was (he said) written in Bach's school of counterpoint," and, so like was one Dromio to the other, that no doubt existed of its being the very counterpart (query, counterpoint?) of the great

Bach. After this, who can doubt thy surprise at being "black-balled by the Society of British Musicians," "abused by the press," "sneered at by professors" (who sneer as they smile, the former from profound contempt, the latter from pure charity), and "neglected by the society which of all others thou ought to belong to?" But stop. Let us inquire why so great, so self-renowned an artist should thus meet with the contumely and contempt he so pathetically deprecates. To return to the fable. "Wherever you see smoke, there is fire." Granted. But a very great smoke may come from a very small fire, particularly when the fuel is chaff or straw. If the fire of French Flowers, or any portion of it, be vested in the composition of a certain trio, which, from its extreme ugliness, arising from total absence of form, phrase, or combination symmetrical, had the effect of driving away, from the concert of a talented and justly-celebrated harpist, half the audience, though at the commencement of the second part of the programme! then, indeed, may Water come in for a whale's share, and say, "Where you see marsh and moorish low ground, there you shall find me;" and, lo! as a natural consequence, starts up Fame, who says, "Take heed how you lose me, for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet again—there's no retrieving of me." The *morale*, the inference of all this is plain enough, so that he who runs may read.

Now for the Bach Society. Whatever its merits may be, its castigation is complete. The sin of not conferring upon "my" Flowers the degree of honorary member is great indeed; but, with a complacency most ineffable, he, as ungenerously as ungentlemanly, doubts their "competency to render justice to Bach's compositions;" and gives this as a reason for their neglect of the great Bach-an-alien—himself to wit. Such are the high grounds he takes, and for which *high grounds* he prays for excuse! The winding-up and the postscripts attached to this precious letter are in their way admirable. His generosity in giving to the Harmonic Sacred Society Bach's Mass is amply amplified; their despair in not being able to do it, and consequently compelled to return it to the illustrious donor—the affected patronage of Messrs. Costa and Sterndale Bennett, are beautifully illustrated; and, were it not for the ugly knocks he gives to his friends, British arts, and his ungrateful country, one would believe "my" Flowers to be the very daisy, the daffodil—nay, the very pink of society.

I would fain glance at the postscripta; but, as there are *only* two, and the *animus* lying where it ought to lie, I will save your readers and myself much trouble; yet was I grieved to find, in one of his letters, a most grave and uncalled-for attack upon a singing-master at the Academy, who has done more to form the voice, in producing a good tone and style, and imparting that school of expression, which has maintained him at the summit of his profession for the last thirty years. He has also written an able treatise on the art of singing, and done more for vocalisation than will my learned Flowers do even though his future life rivals those of the patriarchs.

A word or two on expression. Expression and simplicity are the two great objects to which the fine arts in Italy are at present, as they have been for ages past, directed. It is in this that the distinctiveness of character appertaining to the Italian and German schools so widely differ. Expression is the first point necessary; and if simplicity is violated, expression becomes either difficult or unattainable. "Inteverire il cuoro" is the motto of the Italian artist, whether he be poet, sculptor, painter, or musician. It is this which makes him prefer the single expression of one absorbing passion to the complicated action of a variety of passions. He prefers the dying gladiator to a crowded relief—the pure, touching melodies of Bellini to the elaborated magnificence of German harmony; and it is this taste, and this only, which has prevented the *libretti* from being formed on any other model than that they now possess. However strong the sympathy, its fixedness must not be disturbed by the introduction of any unnecessary episodes; hence the want of the style dramatic. Doubtless, this love for one vast and complete unity of interest—this passion for the exhibition of concentrated expression—must produce a comparative neglect of subject, in which even the finest music should go hand in hand. Of all European countries, it may be truly said that Germany, musical as she is, has profited least by the introduction and example of the Italian singers. There is not a voice extant, travel where

you will, from the nearest to the farthest confines of Germany, which is formed on such principles as to produce that fulness—that voluptuous sweetness of melody—so distinguishable in the Italian singer. How is this? may be most pertinently asked. Fine voice and method go rarely together; quite as rare as fine form and beauty of countenance. How is this? is an every-day question.

Oh! shades of Porpora, Salleri, and Righini, point ye to the Bach-an-alien school for this great—nay, chiefest tribute of the art divine? 'Tis even so. Bach's school of singing is to be the regenerator, with "my" Flowers at its head as the "coming man," who, knowing "that the school of vocalisation now taught is inadequate to display its character," generously comes forward to enlighten this dark age, armed, nō doubt, with a treatise quite as profound, learned, and original as his "Essay on Fugue," which is published, and the "Essay on Cadence," which is not, and never will be published. Thus, thrice armed, will he expound the art of singing, by explaining the harmonies of Bach with all his ingenious and contrapuntal devices. Oh! rare Flowers! oh! rare French Flowers! verily, verily, art thou chief of that race which mends not its pace by beating. Thou art right. In any other country but this, musicians would have invited thee to a Bach-an-alien Society with a vengeance! Poor Attwood! poorer Scheble! though living. Bah! Could humbug farther go?—In haste, and obliged, believe me truly yours,

WILLIAM ASFULL.

4, Newman Street, Oxford Street.

#### GREGORIAN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

MY DEAR SIR,—A correspondent, who signs himself V., and whose letter appears in the last No. of the *Musical World*, charges me with writing disrespectfully of the clergy. In bringing forward this accusation, "V" has scarcely done me justice. If he will peruse my letter in No. 24 with more attention, he will find that the sentence to which he objects is distinctly given as a report, which might or might not be correct,—"I am told," &c. In a former communication (see No. 20, page 309) I had already expressed a deliberate opinion of the clergy in the following words:—"The writer desires to draw the distinction between the high church party, which he has the happiness to know abounds with earnest, good, and faithful men," &c., &c. Now, why has V. cited my "last letter in particular, and paid no heed to another from which the above is an extract? Because in doing so he considers he is acting fairly? I think he must admit not. But after all, he may not have seen my former letter, and I will freely award him the benefit of the doubt. At the same time, I must inform him that he is completely mistaken in supposing I am wanting in a feeling of veneration towards the clergy. The imputation I deny in the strongest manner and to the fullest extent. Had such have been the case, I should not have devoted so much professional time, (which is my fortune,) to an exposition of certain statements that have been put forth concerning church music, (some of which are positively false), and which I had reason to know no class of gentlemen were so likely to accept, and to suffer from so doing as the clergy. Had I been actuated by the feeling V. has suggested, I should not have cared to put the clergy, among others, in a position to judge for themselves how dangerous some of the prevailing opinions are, but should have remained content to let them be misled by the deception practised towards them. My desire has been, and is, that the veneration for the clergy should be increased by the evident encouragement they give to the study and cultivation of church music; but as that result can only be expected to follow their adopting sound views supported by sound arguments, and these have been shown not to have always been put in the clergy's way; I, for one, have undertaken to do my part towards, at any rate, giving them the opportunity of avoiding the grosser errors that they might otherwise become the promoters of, however incorrectly. And if I should be permitted to be one of the instruments for doing so—to however small an extent—I shall consider my trouble amply repaid, in spite of V.'s misrepresentation.

V. also complains of a want of "moderation" and "temper" in my letters. This I am delighted to hear. The tone of my communications has been copied from that of *some of the high church papers*, when discussing the same subject, though on the opposite

side, and attacking organs and organists ; with this only difference, that I have avoided their bitterness and acrimony. If the tone is so distressingly unbecoming even for a secular publication to adopt, how disgraceful it must be to high church periodicals. V. is in the secret as to where that tone originated ; and if he is sincere—as I have no reason to doubt—he can remedy the evil by writing to the editors of the said high church periodicals in the same frank, complaining style that he has addressed the editor of the *Musical World*, and I will promise him that a change of tone in the one quarter shall be followed by an alteration in the other.

With regard to the remaining point in V.'s letter, that the question concerning the Gregorian chants is merely one of a difference of taste, he must allow me to ask, have the Gregorianisers discussed it as such ? Have they permitted others to discuss it as such ? Have they not rather endeavoured to stifle everything like fair discussion on the subject, and successfully, for years ? And by attacking and abusing those who have confessed a taste for the superior chants,—the Anglican, have they not assailed those who have entered a plea for the Anglican chants, in a manner that V. confesses indirectly to be "immoderate" and "ill-tempered" ? In one book that is now lying before me I find it stated that "the Gregorian song possesses a charm at once admirable and inimitable, a fineness of expression that words cannot describe, a power over the feelings, an easy and natural flow, ever fresh, ever new, ever youthful and full of beauty, that neither grows old nor palls on the taste : while, beginning from about the middle of the 13th century, may be said to date the commencement of the stupid, insignificant, disgusting, harsh, and tuneless modern melodies, which have continued ever since to be heard up to the present time." Is the latter part of the above quotation, which first appeared in a monthly Gregorian publication, a specimen of "moderation" ? Is the following notice from the last number of the *Ecclesiologist*—all that was vouchsafed on the subject :—"Mr. Monk's 'Anglican Chant Book' is abominably worthless, and has seemed to us scarcely to deserve a formal censure,"—is this, I beg to ask V., a specimen of "good temper" ? Is it just, true, honest ? I think his candour and better feeling will urge him to reply in the negative.

But the complaint against the Gregorianisers is not met by V.'s suggestion that the discussion is one merely of a difference of taste. The complaint is, that the Gregorianisers have tried to carry their point by recourse to ways of disingenuousness. And a serious complaint it is ; of the truth of which more than one proof has already been advanced, and which have, as yet, neither been called into question by V. nor any one else. For instance, what can be more mystifying and destitute of distinctness of purpose than the endeavour to persuade the laity that a return to the *Gregorian* tones was a necessary step to be taken towards the reformation of church music ; and then presenting those chants, not in their authentic form, and as Pope Gregory unquestionably intended them to be sung ; but in a harmonised form, in imitation of the Anglican chants of the last three centuries ? If the Anglican chants are "abominably worthless," don't copy them, still less enrich yourselves from the treasures of another, and then knock him down for it. To how great a disadvantage men must appear in the eyes of intelligent men, who try to pass off as the genuine thing the old tunes vested in harmony a thousand years younger than themselves, the following parallel will illustrate :—

Much of the music of the present day is very noisily scored. Now, imagine a number of gentlemen announcing themselves reformers of orchestration, and proclaiming, that as a necessary step towards effecting the required reformation, a return must be made to *Handel's* method of instrumentation ; and then, by way of preventing the possibility of our misunderstanding what they meant, were to refer us to the score of the *Messiah*, with *Mozart's accompaniments* ! Any person who had any regard for the originators of such a movement, and the knowledge to detect the mistake, would warn them that at the same time they are advising a return to the *Handelian* score, they were urging the acceptance of such a score as *Handel* never wrote, never saw, and never dreamt of. The Gregorianisers have put forth their adopted chants "with additional accompaniments," the like of which Pope Gregory never wrote, never saw, and never dreamt of. Mr. Monk has warned churchmen of their danger, and has been abused for it. I have, (though in only one branch of the subject as yet,) proved the same

thing, in the tone of the church periodicals, and I am accused of a want of veneration for the clergy accordingly.

I am, my dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

AN ORGANIST

#### HALÉVY.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

Sir.—The sentiments expressed by "A Constant Reader" in your journal for March 23rd, must, I think, be shared by most frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera, and every lover of music. I find it difficult to account for the sudden popularity of Halévy in England. Has any one of his productions created a decided sensation here ? Is he pre-eminently distinguished for the originality of his conceptions, for the grandeur of his effect, or for the beauty of his melody ? In a word, are his compositions better adapted for the Italian Opera House than the Opera Comique ? If they are, let him at once take up the position his ability has won ; but if not, and that, I presume, few will doubt, why, in the name of all that is musical, are we debarred the enjoyment of the operas of those great masters who, by their genius, have secured the highest fame, and who, by their immortal works, have gained for their worship a shrine in the heart of every man to whom their divine art is dear.

Let it not be supposed that I wish to detract from the merits of M. Halévy, or that I would deprive him of that meed of praise which is his due ; on the contrary, I consider him one of the best modern composers of the Opera Comique we have ; but his music, most assuredly, is not of the style or character we expect to hear at the Italian Opera House. Let the director of that house but bring forward such works as those mentioned in your correspondent's letter ; let them turn their energies towards the production of those operas by Mozart, Rossini, and other composers of that calibre, which have not yet been performed in England, and there cannot be a doubt that such a proceeding would not only gratify the frequenters of their theatre, and confer a benefit upon the musical public, but it would also redound greatly to the credit of the directors, and retain and procure still more the universal patronage to which their spirited efforts have entitled them.

W. C. C.

[Let "W. C. C." purchase a stall at Her Majesty's Theatre during the run of *La Tempesta*. After one hearing of that work, we are much mistaken if he do not modify, retain, or altogether change his opinion about the celebrated composer.—D. R.]

#### MR. BRINLEY RICHARD'S CONCERT.

*(To the Editor of the Musical World.)*

Sir.—Having had the pleasure of being an auditor at the excellent concert recently given at the Hanover Rooms by Mr. Brinley Richards, I cannot conceal the disappointment I felt when afterwards perusing the account of that concert as it appeared in your journal. I do not in any way mean to throw censure upon a paper so ably conducted as yours ; but simply to express a regret that a work so decidedly successful as the quintett by Mr. Macfarren should have been dismissed so very briefly in the review of Mr. Richard's concert. I consider that composition as one of the most masterly works which we have yet received from the pen of an English composer. It abounds with the essentials of a great composition. Independent of its effect as a whole, one cannot but feel, while listening to the instrumentation, how sincerely Mr. Macfarren possesses the love that every genuine musician must entertain for perhaps the most exquisite of all the arts. I, in common with many others, feel greatly indebted to Mr. Brinley Richards in having afforded us an opportunity of hearing this work. The selection of such a composition, however, is only what one would be justified in anticipating from an artist in Mr. Richard's position. The admirable manner in which the quintett was interpreted by Messrs. Cooper, Hill, Mount, and Piatti requires no eulogium from me. I cannot help, however, expressing my gratification at the very creditable performance of Mr. Mount on the double-bass, and Mr. Mount should consider himself very fortunate in being selected to perform in a work so admirably arranged for the display of the resources of that instrument as the quintett by Macfarren. I should have addressed you before this, but that I had hoped that some

more able writer would have alluded to what I cannot but consider as a most singular omission in such a paper as the *Musical World*. When one peruses the programmes of concerts in general, it is really refreshing to find such a selection as Mr. Richards gave us. Independent of the quintett, I cannot but mention the glorious selection from Bach and from Handel. The fugue is perhaps one of the most melodious ever written, though it abounds with difficulties demanding no ordinary mastery of the instrument. There are many other things to which I could have alluded, but that the fear of trespassing upon your space deters me. In conclusion, I only hope that Mr. Richards will again afford us an opportunity of becoming still further acquainted with such a work as Mr. Macfarren's quintett. I remain truly yours,

A PROFESSIONAL SUBSCRIBER.

"THE LITERARY GAZETTE."

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Your readers are aware that some time ago I wrote articles in the above periodical. The portion allotted to them was called *The Contrapuntal and Musical Review*—in no other portion I ever wrote a line. Having, therefore, an interest in the *Literary Gazette*, I cannot but regret when I find musical opinous propagated at variance with truth and sound judgment. The opinions and manner of criticising Mr. W. S. Bennett's last concert affords a striking instance of the kind, and, as Lord Byron said of Southey's lines, "For G—'s sake, reader, take them not for mine!" The critic observes, "There is evidently a great disposition to be enraptured with fugues, preludes, and such compositions as the duet of Mozart's played on this occasion (composed in 1790 for a musical clock); the learned wish to establish a sort of free-masonry of music, intelligible and enjoyable only amongst themselves. If this is to be the classical music, we"—[oh! that conceited *We*]"—appeal against it, as leading away from true music, and tending to repress the "flow of soul" which inspires the most beautiful and immortal compositions."

Literary men who rail against fugues, ought first to be acquainted with the means which create the beautiful and immortal compositions of Handel, &c., before condemning them. I frequently see such men wagging their sapient heads in frantic enthusiasm over a common fugal passage which has been used over and over again by the earliest contrapuntists; this exhibits the sort of "flow of soul" felt by these erudite critics. It would be well if they would study a little, then they would better discover what is old and what is new, what is great and what is small in a beautiful composition. But to assume that Mozart's composition for a musical clock is one leading away from true music, and tending to repress the "flow of soul," indicates such a bewildered soul, that I think such a writer ought to be the reviewer of the strains of Bedlam; especially so, when he sums up his article as follows: "Mr. Bennett stands at the head of our school of pianists, (what then is *our school*?) and his influence is great." Might we (this big squeaking *we*) suggest that it is desirable to cultivate refinement and intensity of expression in preference to calculated mechanical difficulties and velocity of execution. The critic, no doubt, intended to rap at the Thalberg imitators, if so his homily is excellent; but should he have mistaken that school for the Bennett school, then the world is not likely to be very well informed as to what constitutes the one and the other school. It would not be just were I not to add that the general opinions of the musical reviewer of *The Literary Gazette* are of a very different description to the one I have noticed, and my having done so is from a sincere regard for that impartial, old standing, and kind-dealing periodical.—I am, Sir, yours obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

P.S.—May I venture to thank your *very logical* correspondent, "D. P.", who filled half a column of your valuable space, simply about me—nothing else—for his excellent and well-meaning advertisement. Nothing, too, could be more flattering than his repeated declarations that I always write something worthy of being answered; but as his letter contained no matter of interest (being all about me!) it would be egotistical and vain were I to do more

than acknowledge his kindness. In so doing, allow me in return to ask him a question, the answering of which would make his writings of some interest, which will, I trust, repay him for the trouble he takes about me. *How many triads and modulations could occur by any dissonant ascending a chromatic second—thus: from F to F sharp?* Poor Dutch Pinks!

TO ONE DEPARTED.

[The following beautiful lines, from *Savon's Musical Times* (New York), will, we have no doubt, be duly appreciated by our readers.—Ed.]

Art thou not near me, with thine earnest eye,  
That weep forth sympathy? thy holy brow,  
Whereon such sweet imaginings do rise?  
Art thou not near me, when I call thee now,  
Maid of my childhood's vow?

Even like an angel, smiling mid the storm,  
Wert thou amid the darkness of my woes—  
Thy pure thoughts clustering around thy form,  
Like seraph garments, whiter than the snows,  
Which the wild sea upthrows.

Now I behold thee, with thy sorrowing smile,  
And thy deep soul uplooking from thy face,  
While sweetly crossed upon thy breast the while,  
Thy white hands do thy holy heart embrace,  
In its calm dwelling-place.

MOORE'S PLAGIARISMS.

Plagiarism the Fifty-second.

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave;  
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,  
And a dew was distill'd from their flowers, that gave  
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.  
Thus memory draws from delight ere it dies  
An essence that breathes of it many a year.

This is what we call in Ireland "very fine oysters." We read these lines in

SHAKSPEARE.—54th Sonnet.

They live unwooded, and unrespected fade,  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

And in

SHENSTONE.—*The Judgment of Hercules*.

If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,  
Theirs is the present who can praise the past:  
Life has its bliss for those whose past is bloom,  
As withered roses yield a late perfume.

And in—

COWLEY.

I'll the well-gotten pleasure,  
Safe in my memory treasure,  
What though the flower itself does waste,  
The essence from it drawn does long and sweet retain.

And again in—

SHAKSPEARE.—Sonnet.

Then were not summer's distillation left,  
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of brass;  
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:  
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
Lose but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

I once showed these originals to Tom Moore himself, but he assured me that he had never before seen them.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME MONTENEGRO has been engaged by the director of the Marseilles' Theatre to give a limited number of representations during the ensuing month.

MR. SAINTON, Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, and Mr. Williams had the honor of playing solos on the violin, harp, and clarinet, at Her Majesty's concert, after the Royal christening, on Saturday evening.

MR. ALBERT SMITH's entertainment of the Overland Mail continues to attract crowded and fashionable audiences. By importing some new songs and characteristic sketches, he has given to it additional piquancy and interest. The entertainment has been so successful as to induce Mr. Smith to continue it upon every Monday.

M. LAFONT.—This eminent actor, who has recently been performing at Mr. Mitchell's theatre, has left London for Paris, to resume his duties at the *Theatre des Variétés*.

LEGS COME TO HONOUR.—Therese Ellsler, the sister of Fanny, has just married the cousin of the King of Prussia, the Prince Adalbert. Though inferior to Fanny as a dancer, Theresa was superior as a woman, and it was only after a long and fruitless pursuit for love without benefit of clergy, that the enamoured Prince decided on her possession at any price, and has now introduced into the Royal Family the legs which the public have had the privilege of admiring.—*New York Paper*.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET has announced a morning performance of classical pianoforte music, for Wednesday, July 3rd, at the New Beethoven Rooms, Queen Anne Street, in which he will introduce several of those pieces which were received with so much favour at his recent series of concerts in illustration of the great pianoforte composers. In the first part, M. Billet will play Beethoven's sonata in B flat, op. 106; a selection of studies, including specimens of Mendelssohn, Henselt, Chopin, Moschelles, and Sterndale Bennett; and Mendelssohn's fantasia in F sharp minor. In part second, he will introduce Dussek's sonata in E flat, the "Farewell;" prelude and fugue of Bach, Scarlatti, Handel, and Mendelssohn. The entertainment, no doubt, will prove highly attractive. The performance will be varied, as before, with vocal *morceaux*.

THE DOLPHINATE.—La Dauphine—a province of France. Udo Guignes, the Dolphin, conquered it in 879. From him the first-born son of his successors was called the Dolphin (le Dauphin)—which title was given to the eldest sons of French kings when they had taken possession of the Dolphinate.

MADAME VANDERMEERSCH.—A young lady, who bears this name, has succeeded in training birds to such a high degree of docility, as to attract great attention among the higher circles. A long cage, containing some 200 cards, variously inscribed, and with the edges upwards, is placed before an elegant cage in which there are four birds, who, successively hopping out of their abode, answer by means of the cards almost any question that may be proposed. Thus, if a word be named by one of the spectators the birds will take out the letters which compose it. If a watch be held in front of the cage they will take out cards indicating the hour. Still more curious is a feat with a hat, into which any one of the company throws a die without revealing the number to the lady-exhibitor. In spite of his secrecy, one of the birds declares the amount of his throw. This is probably the most extraordinary exhibition of the kind ever seen, for whatever understanding may exist between Mademoiselle Vandermeersch and her birds, the very establishment of such understanding is in itself a marvel of training. The appearance and manner of the lady, who is very young, and who rules her feathered subjects like an elegant enchantress, give an additional charm to the entertainment, which is conducted with a great deal of taste. Occasionally a private performance takes place at the lady's residence, at No. 2, Baker Street, but her general practice is to visit the houses of her patrons.

DR. MAINZER IN THE FIELDS.—Dr. Mainzer, and a class of about 700 pupils of the Normal School system of singing, lately visited Dunham Park, and afforded the residents a rich musical treat. They first formed a circle round some oak trees in the new park, and, assisted by the band of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, went through several very beautiful pieces, amongst which were the "Sunrise," "Britain's hymn," "Contentment," &c. The band performed several airs from the opera of the *Daughter of the Regiment*. Dr.

Mainzer and his class, with the band marching in front, then proceeded to the front of the hall, and the band played while several dances were gone through, the classes in different portions under the old shady oaks plating at various games. When dancing was ended, the class and band were taken into the stable-yard, where they performed several other pieces with great precision. The butler took the soldiers composing the band into the hall, and allowed them to taste the noted Dunham ale. The class and band passed through Bowdon, apparently highly delighted with their trip, about half-past eight o'clock. We understand that several thousands were enjoying themselves in the park the same afternoon.

AT MAXIM.—A man who learns any one thing thoroughly will have acquired a power of universal application. If a young man beats five hundred competitors in a curriculum of cookery, entomology, and astrology, though he may never have occasion again to use those particular accomplishments, we have no doubt that, if he takes to the law, he will stand a good chance of becoming a lord chancellor or a puisne judge.

MALIBRAN.—M. Edouard Fétis, in his *Cabinet de Curiosités Musicales*, relates the following anecdote:—"A wreath of faded flowers was near Mozart's watch. Before I had time to request of my host an explanation of this curiosity of his cabinet, he told me—'An illustrious cantatrice once bore this wreath; then the flowers were fresh and fragrant. At that period the great *artiste* was in all the splendour of her talent, her glory, and her youth. At the present day, all is like the flowers. In the last journey I made to wind up my affairs and to realise my property, about seven years ago, I found myself at Milan. On the day of my arrival in that city I was informed that La Scala was open; the waiter of the hotel at which I was stopping brought me a bill of the operatic performance, in which I perceived, in large characters, the title of *Norma* and the name of Malibran. It would be in vain for me to describe to you the pleasure which I experienced on that evening; at the close of the first act several bouquets, and a wreath of natural flowers, were thrown on the stage. After the opera I left the Scala without any designed purpose of finishing the evening, when one of the company, who had sat close at my side, asked me if I were not going to the Palazzo Visconti? I replied that I had not an invitation; but he told me that was not necessary, and invited me to follow him. The Duke Visconti was then lessee of the Opera of Milan. Besides the considerable sum which he paid in the shape of salary to the illustrious *prima donna*, she had apartments at his hotel, and a carriage and servants were at her disposal. On arriving at the Palazzo Visconti, we entered without any one asking us the object of our visit. My introducer, who appeared to well know the localities of the place, conducted me to an apartment where *La Diva* was taking supper, surrounded by a numerous court. We entered and we left without being observed, the gossip was lively and without restriction; it was not about the performance of the evening, but it was respecting the parties who had been so prodigal in bestowing their bouquets and crowns. Malibran remained the whole time of supper wearing on her head the wreath of flowers which I had seen fall at her feet; but she subsequently took it off because the heat was excessive, and placed it on a marble slab. After having remained about a couple of hours, I and my conductor retired. Dare I to confess it? Before I left I committed a felony, I privately carried off the wreath which Malibran had worn, and there it is.'"

MRS. ALEXANDER NEWTON'S ANNUAL CONCERT was held in the Music Hall, Store Street, on Wednesday evening. Mrs. A. Newton provided a strong array of talent for her visitors; and the programme was varied and lengthy, if it was not classical and select. Mrs. A. Newton is an accomplished singer, and possesses a very fine voice. She made herself extremely popular at the Wednesday Concerts, and was the *prima donna assoluta* of those by-gone entertainments. Mrs. A. Newton was assisted by Madame Macfarren, Madame Zimmerman, Miss Poole, Miss Kansford, Miss M. Williams, Miss Leslie, Messrs. Bridge Frodsham, Frank Bodda, and H. Whitworth, Herr Mengis, and M. Drayton as vocalists; and Miss Eliza Ward (piano), M. de Kontski (violin), Signor Giulio Regondi (concertina), Herr Stehling (mandoline), Mr. Richardson (flute), and Herr Hekking (violoncello), as instrumentalists. Mrs. Newton sang with Mr. Bridge Frodsham the duet "Da quel di che," from *Linda di Chamouni*; the brilliant cavatina, "O luce di quest'

*anima*," from the same opera; the popular trio, "My Lady the Countess," from *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, with Miss Poole and Miss M. Williams; a duet from *Tancredi* with Madame Zimmerman; Cherubini's trio, "Perfido Clori," with Miss Ransford and Madame Macfarren; and the Scotch ballad, "An' ye shall walk in silk attire;" in all of which she acquitted herself to the manifest gratification of the audience. Madame Macfarren introduced a new and very delicious ballad, called "The Love of Ladye Anne," the composition of her *cara sposo*, and sang it with admirable expression. The conductors of the concert were Herr Anschuez and the Messrs. W. Macfarren, L. Lavenu, and Benedict.

**JOHN PARRY'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.**—A very novel and amusing performance, appropriately entitled "Notes, Vocal and Instrumental," was given on Monday evening at the Music Hall, Store Street, by the prince of musical humourists, John Parry. The present entertainment differs from its predecessors. There was no consecutive story to introduce tales, anecdotes, &c., which would offer points for vocal illustrations. Mr. John Parry has, like a good boy, eschewed telling stories, and has refused the services of his friend Albert Smith. Now, whether he has done well or done ill in this respect we are not prepared to show, nor have we given the subject, as yet, our serious consideration. We know for certain that the entertainment on Monday was excessively amusing, peculiarly John, and unmistakeably Parryan. If Captain Parry, in his endeavours to discover a north-west passage to India, had been as successful as John Parry in his north-south passage to public favour, the overland mail would be a *caput mortuum*, or, more properly, would never have existed at all. Our Parry has navigated the Po(pu)lar Seas to more purpose than any Captain who ever disturbed a whale or an iceberg. If any one doubt what he has effected, let him hie to the Music Hall, Store-street, on—for date see advertisement, which has not been sent us—and if he come away impressed with opinions at variance with ours, then all we have to say is, that he differs from us. Judging from the auditory on Monday night, John Parry's new entertainment must be pronounced eminently successful, since it was received throughout with every manifestation of the warmest approval. Not the least welcome part of the performance was the introduction of several old friends, whom we considered long since dead, but which John, with life-giving power, has resuscitated from oblivion and death.

**HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**—The grand morning concert announced by the friends of the late Madame Dulcken and the musical profession, for the benefit of Madame Dulcken's family, took place on Monday week. The concert was patronised by the royal family and numerous personages of the highest rank. The artistes who volunteered their services were Madlle. Schloss, Miss M. Williams, Miss Dolby, Miss Catherine Hayes, Mdme. Madelaine Notes, Mdle. Cora Stalls, Mdle. Parodi, Mdme. Giuliani, Mdle. Angri, Mdme. F. Lablache, Herr Brandt, Herr Formes, Signor Marras, Signor F. Lablache, Signor Calzolari, Signor Belletti, Herr Stigelli, among the vocalists; and Herr Dreychock, Mons. de Kontski, and Mdle. Sophie Dulcken, among the instrumentalists. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Willy, performed the overture to *Egmont* and *Oberon*. Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, W. Kuhe, H. Dulcken, and Balfé, conducted. The room was very full, and we trust a considerable sum was realised for Madame Dulcken's family.

**M. DE KONTSKI'S Matinée Musicale** was held at the residence of Miss Messent, 8, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, on Monday. Vocalists:—Miss Messent, Miss Bassano, Miss Ransford, Mdle. Nau, Herr Brandt, Signor Salvator Tamburini, Signor Ciabatta, and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists:—Miss Clara Loveday and Mademoiselle Sophie Dulcken (pianoforte), Miss Kennedy (harp), M. de Kontski and Mr. Zerbini (violin), Herr Ganz (viola), and M. Rousset (violoncello). Messrs. Schimon, Ezekiel, and Henry Dulcken acted as conductors.

**MR. AND MRS. JOHN ROE** gave their annual evening concert on Wednesday, the 19th. The vocal section comprised Miss Poole, Miss Messent, Miss Woodford, Miss Murrell, Mrs. John Roe, Mr. Benson, Mr. Herbert, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The instrumentalists numbered Miss Roe (pianoforte), Mr. Willy (violin), Mr. Frederick Chatterton (harp), and Mr. John Roe (pianoforte and organ). The first part of the concert was

sacred; the second, profane. The audience seemed to relish the latter more. Mr. W. Wilson and Mr. John Roe joined offices in conducting.

**MR. S. S. BLOCKLEY'S Evening Concert** was given on Friday, the 21st, at the Princess's Concert Room. The singers were Mrs. Charles Durand, Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Poole, Miss Leslie, Miss Stewart, Mr. Frank Bodda, Mr. Delavanti, Mr. Benson, Mr. Bridge Frodsham, Mr. Charles Durand, Mr. Joseph Barnett, Herr Pigall, and Herr Charles Haas. In the instrumental line, in addition to his own services on the piano, Mr. S. S. Blockley provided coadjutors in Miss P. A. Blockley, Mr. R. Blagrove, concertina player; Mr. Carte, flautist, who, on his new patent flute, played a fantasia with great effect; Messrs. G. and J. Case, also concertina performers; Mr. H. Blagrove, violinist; and Kate Loder, who executed Leopold de Mayer's *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasia in the most brilliant and magnificent style.

**MR. AND MRS. W. H. SEGUIN'S annual concert** took place on Friday morning, the 7th instant, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and was given under the distinguished patronage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. There were several notable features in the concert. Thalberg played twice. He was encored in his first performance, the *Masanella* fantasia, when he substituted the "Com'e gentil" fantasia, or, more properly, the *Lucrezia Borgia* fantasia. Mr. Balsir Chatterton played a solo on the harp; Herr Hekking a solo on the violoncello (capitally); and Messrs. Benedict and Brinley Richards played a duet on two pianofortes. The singers who assisted the *Beneficiaires* were Mademoiselle Schloss, Miss M. Williams, Miss Messent, Madame F. Lablache, Miss Lucombe, Mr. Benson, Signor Marchesi, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The Rooms were tolerably attended.

**MR. H. MORI'S Soirée Musicale** took place last evening at Blagrove's Rooms, Mortimer Street. The performances consisted of a trio and quintet of Beethoven, a quartet of N. Mori, and a violoncello solo. The executants were, Mr. Brinley Richards, Mr. Horatio Chipp, Mr. W. Watson, Mr. R. Blagrove, Mr. Jarrett, Mr. Barret, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Baumann, Mrs. N. Mori, and Mdle. Coulon.

**M. GODEFROID.**—The morning concert of this celebrated harpist occurred on Saturday, the 15th inst., at Willis's Rooms. The programme was long, and occasionally tedious. M. Godefroid is one of the greatest living performers on the harp. His performances were received with great applause. He played three times, each time choosing compositions of his own for his essays. The artists were abundant, and comprised Madlle. Schloss, Miss Catherine Brown, Madlle. de Ruppin, Signor Brignoli, Signor Ciabatta, and M. Jules Lefort, among the vocalists; and M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, and M. Godefroid among the instrumentalists. Signori Alary, Vera, and M. Freon conducted.

**BEETHOVEN ROOMS.**—Mr. Sprenger, the talented pianist, provided the visitors to his *Matinee Musicale* on Tuesday, with very agreeable musical fare. The names of the executants were, the Misses Bassano, Messent, Signor Marchesi, and Signor Burdini, vocalists; and Messrs. de Konski, Giulio Regondi, Kiallmarts, and Sprenger, instrumentalists.

**ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HIGHBURY BARN.**—An evening concert, on rather a large scale, was given in the above *locale*, on Friday, the 21st. Ernst's name was in the bills, and no doubt materially aided in attracting the numerous audience congregated together. The great violinist never awakened greater enthusiasm by his performance. He was in immense force, and played with astonishing force and beauty. He gave the *Otello* fantasia, one of his most admirable compositions, and his "Carnival de Venise." The most deafening applause followed each, and each was honoured with a tumultuous encore. The Highbury folk will not soon forget the violin playing of Ernst. Some sixty years hence, the oldest inhabitant will prate of it to his grandchildren as one of the wonders of the bygone times. Sims Reeves's name was also in the programme, and Sims Reeve's name, it needs not now be told, is a tower of strength. The popular and accomplished tenor sang, "All is lost now," Lavenu's ballad "Meet me, dearest," and Croft's air "My beautiful, my own," in splendid and telling style, and obtained immense applause. The remainder of the vocal music was allotted to Miss Birch, Miss Lucombe, Miss Dolby, Mr. J. E. Williams, and Mr. Farquharson Smith. The last-named gentleman conducted.

Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe ; because it is the voice of love—because it is the highest type, and aggregate expression of passional attraction, therefore it is infinite ; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all, being like a divine influx. What tone is to the word, what expression is to form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intention is to argument, what insight is to policy, what holiness is to heroism, what religion is to philosophy, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited to none. It is not poetry, but the soul of poetry ; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron ; it is not painting, but it shines through colours and gives them their tone ; it is not dancing, but it makes all graceful motion ; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in "petrified music." In the words of Bettini, "Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art ; and so is music too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings, for it is the contract of divine with human."—*Mrs. Child's Letters from New York*.

**THE MUSIC OF NATURE.**—Any ear may hear the wind. It is a great leveller ; nay, rather, it is a great dignifier and elevator. The wind that rushes through the organ of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, has first passed through the barrel-organ of some poor Italian boy ; the voice of Alboni and that of a street singer have but one common capital to draw upon—the catholic atmosphere, the unsectarian air, the failure of which would be the utter extinction of Handel, Haydn, and all the rest. This air, or atmosphere—the compound of nitrogen and oxygen, to which we are so deeply indebted—sometimes plays the musician of itself, and calls upon Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, upon the ocean and in the forest ; and they, like invisible but not inaudible performers, make glorious music. Sometimes the shrouds of a ship, as she rolls upon the tempestuous deep, raise wild and piercing sopranos to the skies ; sometimes the trees and branches of a forest of gigantic pines become mighty harp strings, which, smitten by the rushing tempests, send forth grand and incessant harmonies—now anthems and anon dirges. Sometimes the waves of the ocean respond, like white-robed choristers, to the thunder-bass of the sky, and so make Creation's grand oratorio, in which "the heavens are telling," and the earth is praising God. Sometimes deep calls upon deep, the Mediterranean to the German Sea, and both to the Atlantic Ocean ; and these, the Moses and the Miriam of the earth, awaken rich antiphones, and form the opposite choirs, responding from side to side in Nature's grand cathedral, praising and adoring their Creator and builder. Were man silent, God would not want praise.—*Dr. Cumming*.

**MEXICAN CURRENCY.**—A correspondent of the *Mobile Register*, of the 26th ult., writing from Mexico, says : "Madame Anne Bishop having, by her splendid vocal powers, turned all the heads in the Mexican capital, Mr. Bochsa was applied to by several musical amateurs of a town in the interior of the republic for Madame to give a concert. Accordingly he wrote to the proprietor of the only place in the town where a musical performance could at all be given, viz., an open cockpit arena, to ascertain terms, &c. When the answer came, and with it a contract in due form, Mr. Bochsa was not a little puzzled at finding, after the amount in the national theatre was named, a clause, stipulating that the said sum should be paid in genuine Mexican piastres, and not in pieces of soap, nor in segars, nor in poultry, alive or dead. However, Bochsa signed the contract, but only obtained the clue to this strange *proviso* after Madame Bishop's performance, when the gallery, or *gradin*, money-takers brought him, on account numberless pieces of yellow soap, segars, and two fighting cocks alive. Mr. Bochsa remonstrated, but the Mexican *cobradores* said that these commodities were what they generally received as small money, and he tried to prove to the enraged director, that, if the soap was weighed, and the segars called by the name of Anna, he would realize a handsome profit by them. To quiet Mr. Bochsa and reconcile him to these vendibles, the moneytakers gave a glowing description of the musical taste of a family who, to hear the great prima donna and wonderful harpist, did not hesitate to part with two of the most celebrated fighting-cocks of the town for six *gradin* tickets. Mr. Bochsa, in acknowledgement, a la

*Mexicain*, of this little bit of flattery, paid the moneytaker's salary for the night with four pieces of soap and a packet of segars, and had the cocks cooked for supper.—*New York Herald*.

**HOLIDAY SIGHTS.**—The various exhibitions of the metropolis, which as distinguished from the theatres and the galleries devoted to painting and sculpture may be reduced to the category of "sights," are in pretty full force this Whitsuntide. To range them in all geographical order, the best plan is to start from the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, where, in addition to the Panorama of Paris and other ancient attractions, there is a view of the Tête Noire Pass and Valley of Trent, while the portion of the building called the "Cyclorama" is still devoted to Lisbon and its Earthquake. Then comes the Diorama, with its views of Stolzenfels and the Shrine at Bethlehem, after contemplating which the traveller, quitting Regent's Park, may pursue his journey through Regent Street, stopping at the Polytechnic Exhibition, where dissolving views conduce to the amusement, and Professor Bachofner's lectures to the instruction, of the enlightened public. Then comes the Cosmorama Rooms, with their stock set of views and some miscellaneous curiosities—variety being a great object of the edifice. After which the route is to New Bond Street, where there is a neat model of the battle of Trafalgar, and an intelligent exhibitor, in pensioner's costume, describes the vessels that demolish each other with broadsides of cotton wool. Once in Piccadilly, the voyager may go to the "Ultima Thule" of the west, the building once devoted to the Chinese Exhibition, and taking its name therefrom, but since occupied by the grand moving diorama, representing Her Majesty's journey to Ireland, and Mr. Cummings' zoological reminiscences of South Africa. From the building, which from past usage is called Chinese, the line of way, now eastward, proceeds to the ball from past usages termed "Egyptian," though indeed the panorama of the Nile gives a sort of new right to the ancient title. Here the journey across the Rocky Mountains of California is the newest attraction. Leaving Piccadilly and coming to the southern end of Regent-street, we have the Overland Route to India, honourable for the successful attempt to elevate the moving panorama from a mere source of instruction to a work of art. Proceeding thence into Leicester-square, we come, first, to Mr. Brees's picture of New Zealand, and then to Mr. Burford's Cerberus of Panoramas,—decidedly the highest works of their class,—where we contemplate Pompeii, the Arctic Regions, and the newest work, the Lakes of Killarney. It will be distinctly understood, that our arrangement is in geographical, and not chronological order, and that we by no means hold ourselves responsible for the calamities of those who, contemplating at the appointed hour the moving diorama from somewhere to somewhere else, miss Professor Bachofner's lecture at the Polytechnic. Baker-street should be mentioned apart as a place somewhat out of our line of road, and rendered illustrious by the representation of the Mannings, added (not so very recently) to Madame Tussaud's collection.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*J. W. A. (Leeds).*—We received correspondent's note and the paper of the printed rules, but not the extract from the journal named, or else we should have been glad to insert it.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

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